Price 5 Cents. Established 1878.

THE NEW UNITY

For Good Citizenship, Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 35. CHICAGO, MARCH 4, 1897. NEW SERIES, VOL. 5.

Reading Room Divinity School

To the friends of Liberality in Religion; -

For the twentieth time Unity comes to you with its annual plea for cooperation in the work of ameliorating the dogmatic spirit, increasing mental hospitality, creating ethical earnestness and widening and strengthening Brotherhood irrespective of race lines, creed differences or sectarian traditions. It is four O'clock in the morning and without help of the interpreting type-setter I am doing this last thing and saying this last word, before I start, when daylight comes, for that woman-country so dear to the Brownings and consecrated to us by the ashes of Theodore Parker. I am not going with "shattered nerves" or "broken spirit" but for an outing. I return at Easter-tide to join, I hope, with added strength the onward movement of the Liberal Army that with the weapons of love is to conquer bigotry and selfishness and bring about that higher Unity that grows out of an acknowledged community of interest that unites high and low, rich and poor, heretic and orthodox in one social compact, one body politic.

Here's to the "Old Guard" still answering to the roll-call!
Here's to the Veterans who have fallen out by the way. We love them still!!
And here's to the New Recruits that are coming Three Hundred Thousand more!!!

Yours For Humanity,
Jenkin Lloyd Jones

Chicago Feb. 24. '97

Publisher's Keynote.

As an accompaniment to the editorial trumpet blast in this issue, the undersigned, as the new publisher of THE NEW UNITY, desires to strike the keynote of the business management. I was in at the birth of this enterprise nearly two decades ago. I helped put the infant on its feet. While it has been growing and gathering strength for the great work mapped out for it by its projectors, I have been busy most of the time with other matters. But I have never lost sight of THE NEW UNITY nor of its possibilities. At the beginning of its twentieth year I return to it to add to its splendid literary prestige whatever potency my own business ability and experience may afford.

The business policy of THE NEW UNITY will be in full sympathy and entire harmony with its lofty editorial aspirations. A famous general who was noted for being a man of few words once condensed his whole military character and genius into two words—"Push things." That will be the business motto of THE NEW UNITY, beginning with this number. The fondest dreams of its most enthusiastic friends are going to be realized and anything that stands in the way of that realization must step aside or get run over.

The first proposition is to double the subscription list before Easter, and in the words of last week's edition to do this promptly and to secure your immediate co-operation, we propose to halve our prices to all those who will double their energies in our behalf. We do this, not because we think that THE NEW UNITY is not now worth two dollars a year, nor because it is now paying expenses and we can afford to reduce our revenue, but because the few who have generously stood by and are now carrying the margin of deficiency, which is not light, want to increase the potency of this paper to its maximum. We mean to widen the circle of helpers, find two readers where we now find one.

Our proposition is not one annual subscription for one dollar, but

TWO ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR TWO DOLLARS.

That is to say, any present subscriber who has paid in advance, sending us one new subscription with one dollar, will have his own account extended double the time he is now credited with. Any present subscriber in arrearages paying up bills and two dollars in advance will secure a year's subscription for himself and an additional one to any other address named. Any new subscribers coming in twos or more will be supplied at the rate of one dollar per subscriber. Thus, just as fast as our list is reduplicated, the subscription price of THE NEW UNITY will be one dollar a year.

GET READY TO HELP US!
HELP US BY HELPING YOURSELF!
HELP YOURSELF BY HELPING YOUR NEIGHBOR!
LET US TAKE HOLD OF HANDS ALL AROUND, AND MOVE FORWARD!

Enclosed in your copy of THE NEW UNITY you will find a subscription blank, which is intended to be filled out by you in case you desire to take advantage of the above offer. Should you be in arrears up to March 1, 1897, enclose the amount and an extra $2.00, which pays until March 1, 1898, and entitles you to an extra copy, besides your own, which you can order sent to any person you desire, or you can have your time extended two years instead of one.

ALFRED C. CLARK, PUBLISHER.

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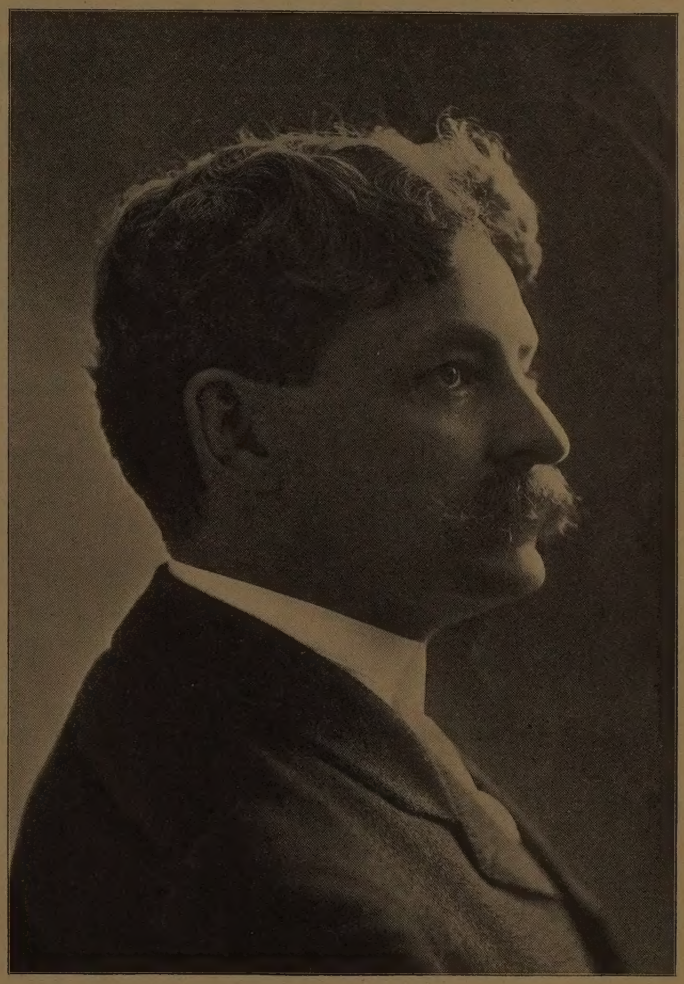

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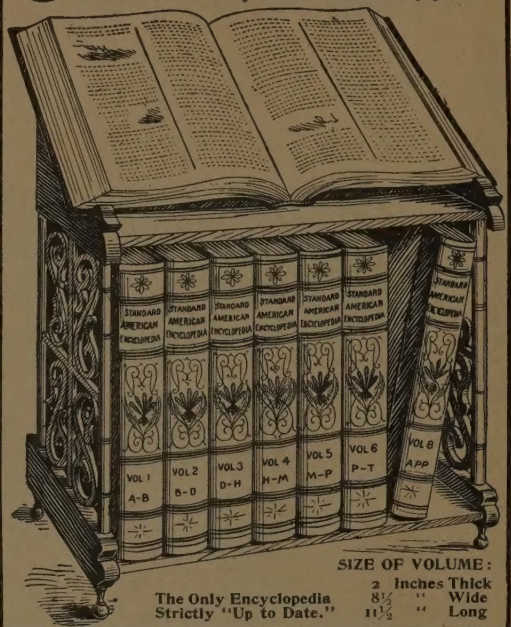

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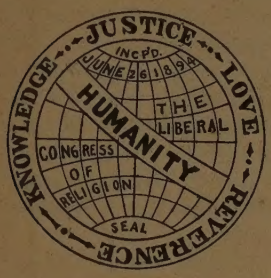
THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME V. THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1897. NUMBER 1



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future. —*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

"Men of thought! be up and stirring
Night and day:
Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—
Clear the way!
Men of action, aid and cheer them,
As ye may!
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow;
There's a midnight blackness changing
Into gray;
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!
Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?
Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper—aid it, type—
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

CHARLES MACKAY.

A great deal has been said about the power of habit as a demoralizing force. There is not enough said of it as a moral force, the steady piling up of attempts until at last success is attained. What to-day blooms in unconscious life, ten years ago was severe struggle. The strongest will is not the one that does as it pleases, but the one that does that which is not pleasing. The steady reaching after holiness alone makes holy lives. Habit is the penny savings bank which unconsciously but surely accumulates a fund for the time of need.

Rev. R. B. Marsh of Peoria, Ill., thinks that our note in the issue of February 18 scarcely represents his position in taking the associate editorship of the *Free Church Record* of Tacoma. He writes: "If your statements of the *Record's* position were correct, I never should have allowed my name to be connected with it in any way." Brother Marsh sends us the following statement of the purpose of his own church to show that "he acknowledges the universal element, but standing for the universal he must oppose the special; after the non-sectarian he must oppose the sectarian." We share with the brother the unrest under the suspicion that we are opposed to one another's work. The statement referred to runs as follows:

To advance the ideal of Unsectarianism—freedom and fraternity in religion. To fulfil this purpose consistently and effectively the society first planted itself on a new religious basis, that is, *outside* of Brahmanism, Buddhism, Judaism, Christianity and all other *sectarian* religions, and then pledged itself to the promotion of free, spiritual and universal religion: opposed to all kinds of *sectarianism*, hospitable to all forms of untrammeled investigation and in grateful *sympathy with the universal-permanent elements found in all systems of religion.*

We know of no better way of welcoming back Mr. Salter than by presenting to our readers the following abstract of his opening address on "The Cause of Ethics." The address has been printed in full by S. Burns Weston, 1305 Arch street, Philadelphia, and can be obtained by remitting ten cents:

The inspiration of ethics is human welfare, and in this aim it cannot stop short of the perfection, the universal humanization, of man. An Ethical Society strives to serve this end. It differs from religious societies or churches in that it does not teach ideas of God and the hereafter—though its members may freely hold those ideas. It differs from scientific societies—even scientific societies for the study of ethics—in that it aims to teach and move and inspire as well as study. It differs from reform organizations in that it does not so much stand for one reform as seek to give an impulse to all reform, to hold up the principle of reform and be a bond of union among reformers; it aims, too, to conserve as well as reform, and to influence the individual man in his efforts after a better life.

An ethical society does not take the place of churches, scientific associations and reform organizations. All these have their own function to perform in the economy of society. But it, too, has a place and its own distinct function.

The achievements of the "ethical movement" are slight; what hold those of us who believe in it to our task is the vast unachieved. When a perfect humanity arrives, our work will be done; when the "city of God" appears on earth, we can lay down our arms. But till then the fight, the struggle, are on, and, for the present, the victory, far off.

Writes a correspondent: "Will you tell us through your paper what you think of a 'liberal' who, still holding strong his convictions, finds pleasure and helpfulness in attending an orthodox church. Can he do his work there and still be loyal to the cause dearest to his heart?" It all turns on how "holding strong his convictions" is to be interpreted. If he can be still free not only to think his thoughts, but to express them with becoming dignity, clearness and grace on all proper occasions, it is not only his privilege, but his duty, to attend and help in such a church. Treason comes when one's convictions are suppressed and the inward life threatened in the interest of the outward privileges. All the indications are with the triumph of religious liberalism in the future.

A Chapter of Introductions.

This has happened before. Just at the time when this adventurous journal, rich in unrealized ambitions, comes to the critical point of transference, transformation, translations and similar episodes in its physical and spiritual life, that is just the time when the Editor-in-Chief has a good chance to get away, carrying with him the only disturbing elements of his vacation the never ceasing demand of the printer's "devil," the inquisitorial disgraces of the type and the haunting sense of things that might be done. But it is here as elsewhere—

"Never the time and the place
And the loved one all together!"

And the editor of The New Unity, like other people, must go to Italy when the chance of a lifetime presents itself. But this year his absence will not interfere with a hopeful anniversary, and he cheerfully slips away for a seven weeks' outing after presenting the new members on the editorial corps and speaking a cordial word of introduction to the new hand at the throttle valve, the machine that makes the thing go. On page 14 our readers will delight in the names, old and new, there presented. The announcement of the publication committee provided for by the Indianapolis meeting of the Liberal Congress, has been purposely delayed until the beginning of this volume, that we might make as good a start and strong a pull together as possible. Our readers will note that E. P. Powell and John W. Chadwick are to continue their valued contributions. Through their work our Study Table department has carried to many of our readers commanding interest.

They will also hail with pleasure the name of Philip S. Moxom, pastor of the Congregational Church of Springfield, Mass., whose opening word at Indianapolis and subsequent interest have been a demonstration of the possibility of the "wider fellowship" claimed for and urged by the Liberal Congress. He will give from time to time such editorial note and comment as are possible in every busy man's life.

Ellen T. Leonard, whose other name is "Faithfulness," will continue in charge of the Home Department, to whom all contributions for that department should be addressed.

Oscar L. Triggs, professor in the University of Chicago, is a young man, but already widely and favorably known by his interpretations of Browning and Whitman. He will from time to time furnish notes and comments upon art and education.

Charles Zeublin, one of the leading workers in the Extension Department of the same university, will do a similar work in the line of sociology and economics.

Frederic Starr, through whose energy the department of Anthropology is assuming dignity and importance in the university, will keep our readers informed of the movement of thought in his department.

Joseph Stolz will note the happenings within the pale of Judaism that help hasten the day when Jew and Gentile, Christian and Pagan, will become more and more conscious of the oneness of humanity and less and less conscious of the things that divide.

Miss Una McMahan, who has inherited an interest in, and an aptitude for, the work we stand for, will gather the literary notes and do other work in the Study Table department.

Albert Scheible, secretary of the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society, will contribute from time to time Sunday school notes and items, and Miss Evelyn Walker will report the Saturday night talks at the Class in Universal Religion of All Souls Church, Chicago, during the working season.

Edith Lackersteen, one of the helpful parish assistants of All Souls Church, will continue next year, as last, to do the thankless and unnamed work that under more auspicious circumstances would be entrusted to an office editor, a work which can be defined only as the school boy defined salt, "that which makes the potatoes taste bad when there is none used."

We have reserved for the last the strongest new recruit and the most welcome ally, Frank Buffington Vrooman, the colleague of Dr. Thomas, the young man vigorous, a knight errant in the liberal field. Mr. Vrooman comes to the high task and great opportunity in Chicago with exceptional preparation. He has been trained to his work, not only by the highest economic privileges at home and abroad, but has had special advantages of studying the problems of the working church, East and West. At one time he was in charge of certain sections of the work in the famous church of Thomas K. Beecher of Elmira, perhaps the original institutional church of this country. Mr. Vrooman speaks for himself in this issue. He and his accomplished wife throw themselves without reservation, not only into the cause which The New Unity represents, but into the nearer editorial tasks that will make the present achievement,—the twenty years of small achievements,—the seed out of which a great journal will grow, high in thought and wide in influence. Upon Mr. Vrooman's shoulders, more than upon those of anyone else, will fall the extra tasks caused by the absence of the senior editor.

Finally, here is our new publisher, Alfred C. Clark, who enters the work which the Way & Williams house carried on last year. Mr. Clark is so situated that he can add to the artistic and typographical care of Messrs. Way & Williams, an attention to the business interests of The New Unity. Away back in the early days of Unity. Mr. Clark served us in the progressive stages

of compositor, foreman, publisher. Since that time he has demonstrated his executive ability in many ways, and he enters upon an aggressive campaign. If the editorial corps and the sometimes too patient reader will only lend him their sympathy and coöperation, he proposes to occupy the field. Promises in these directions are easily made and useless when made; accomplishments only tell. Mr. Clark asks only for a chance to work, and so he begins the campaign of multiplying by two, by dividing by two. Ten thousand one-dollar subscribers are better than five thousand two-dollar subscribers, commercially as spiritually. Let it be an onward movement all along the line. Touch elbows! Right dress! Eyes front! Forward! is the command to THE NEW UNITY army.

To the Public.

In connecting one's self with a journal it is customary to define one's own position in relation to that of the paper and its management. THE NEW UNITY occupies, as I understand it, a standpoint identical with that of the most significant religious movements of modern times; a movement difficult to name, because it is neither theological, sociological, nor philosophical, although it is all these, and more; but a movement easy to describe, because it has identified itself with everything that makes for law and order in the world, and righteousness and love in man. The Liberal Congress of Religion is a body of men, inside all the churches as well as outside them, who have found something upon which they can agree. Hating shams, loving truth, finding that it is better to work together for the same thing than against each other for the same thing; agreeing to disagree upon the speculative aspects of existence, and uniting upon everything that can make the world a better place to live in and man a better creature to live in it. These men have come together on a basis not only of "fellowship," but something more positive and aggressive, "coöperation," "a movement toward undogmatic religion." The human race may be divided into two classes of people—those who belong to the Liberal Congress and those who ought to. Or, if this division be thought arbitrary one might say that the division could be made between those who stand upon the truth of authority, and those who stand upon the authority of truth. If I understand the fundamental note struck by the Liberal Congress and the *raison d'etre* of THE NEW UNITY, it is that religion is neither creed nor dogma, that it is a life; that life precedes the attempt to theorize in the aspects of that life; that religion precedes theology, in other words, and that the two are no more identical than substance and shadow. Although there is the widest possible divergence between the personal theological convictions of the members of the Congress, and even of the editors of this paper, yet our common concern is the spiritual life of man, and our common quest, I take it, is what position the naked soul can hold in the universe and live. And those of us who hold to Christianity as the best solution of this problem (I think I can speak for all such) hold that religion is primarily and fundamentally not the attitude of the world *toward* Jesus, but the attitude *of* Jesus toward God and the world. To be a Christian has nothing whatever to do with one's being able to accurately determine the place of Jesus in some hierarchy, divine or human, but it consists in being what he was. This position I have always held, and there are many in orthodox churches who hold it, and there are many who would be very much surprised to be called Christian who still believe that in the personality of Jesus of Nazareth is what the world needs most. More than this, one discovers with joy that there are in this Congress not only those who call themselves Christians, but also many who hold the same attitude toward Truth, Righteousness, Love—perhaps through some other personality than Jesus—perhaps through no personality at all.

My life and education have been in the orthodox churches. What has delighted me most here has been the frank recognition of the place in the Congress of many members of the orthodox denominations and the equally frank avowal that one's personal theological convictions are sacred if he holds them in sincerity; that our heads may differ, but that our hearts are one. This distinct and definite attitude toward truth rather than tradition, is, perhaps, enough to make a real issue, and the final one. Metaphysical eccentricities and ecclesiastical nomenclature count for little here. This characterizes the real liberal spirit. This brotherhood is a liberal brotherhood. Liberality is not always a characteristic of liberalism. I have seen those who, with inconsistent consistency, have persisted in an intolerance of intolerance with quite as narrow a spirit as that of their supposed less favored orthodox friends. But for my own part I have found a truly Catholic spirit in this truly liberal camp.

I congratulate myself that I have met with a great hopeful, manly brotherhood of men, with whom I am proud to strike hands—men who are too serious to be quarrelsome about my belief—men in whose fellowship, in whose aims, I am glad to join, and in whose work I already find myself a more joyous and less hampered participant than has been my lot before. I would recommend the Liberal Congress (and THE NEW UNITY) to all whose great concern is the uplifting of humanity and the realization of truth in life.

February 25. FRANK BUFFINGTON VROOMAN.

Untold Lies.

The art of telling a lie by telling the truth, but less than the whole of it, is cultivated by some people; and when their trick of concealment is by some chance found out, they are never quite believed afterward.

A person of this type was once relating certain circumstances to an acquaintance, who appeared, perhaps, a trifle incredulous.

"What!" exclaimed the narrator; "do you suspect what I tell you?"

"Oh no," answered the other; "but I suspect what you don't tell me!"

The remark was an apt one, and ought to have been a warning to the speaker. But inasmuch as this person was grown to years of discretion, and still kept back a part of the truth, it is doubtful if any experience could teach him to be really truthful. There is a great deal of untruthfulness latent somewhere in human nature, and unless one is "brought up to tell the truth," and taught in childhood to abhor a lie in any shape, there is very little hope that such a person will become outspoken and candid.—*Youths' Companion.*

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to All Forms of Thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

March.

Hark to the sobs of the fitful rain,
Spirits of anguish and bitter pain.
A poor little bluebird, with twitter and fret,
Sinks in my cluster of mignonette.
All day long has the somber sky
Wept as a mourner whose dead is nigh,
Till the stately linden is bent and white,
As an old man totters with grief and blight.
And my sweet syringa in crystal mail
Seemeth a bride in her fleecy veil,
And the massive balsam a giant grim,
While a rosebud fairy kneels to him.

Down by the river that leaps to say,
I come on my errands of life. Give way!
Lo! icy warriors, white and bold,
Clashing their armor like those of old;
Out in the forest that only waits
The sun to roll through his jasper gates,
To blaze like planets, to bud and bloom,
With the magic dyes of the rainbow loom;
To tinkle a chime from its tiny bells,
Like the soft refrain of the ocean shells.
Diamond, ruby, opal and gold,
In flood of splendor and beauty rolled.

A lesson hath March (if a teacher stern),
A message 'twere well for the heart to learn.
If the sky be dark and the winds be cold,
If the snows are deep on the moor and wold,
If the brown buds lie in their cells asleep,
And the clouds come only to frown or weep;
If the spring be late with her warm embrace,
She comes with dancing, laughing grace!
With flowery banner, rush and shout,
She will put all the legions of frost to rout.
Ah! Thus if life is a weary March,
We pass to joy through a victor's arch.

HELEN HINSDALE RICH.

The Rush to the Cities.

One of the most disquieting features of the social condition of our times is the rush of young men to the cities. Resulting from this is the weakness and instability of the farming population as compared with the same class half a century ago. Steadiness of national character goes with firmness of foothold on the soil. We may well look with alarm on a condition in which all men of wealth and power shall be gathered in the cities, while the farms are left to the weak and inefficient or to the peasants of other nations. As matters are, the cities are great destroyers of human life. We have not learned properly to govern them nor to make them effective, and every city is full of human failures, results of misdirected effort. A tour of the principal streets, halls and meeting places on Sunday evening in any great city will show how terribly true this is. Certainly one-fourth the present population of such a city as San Francisco, for example, has no real business there. These people are doing nothing which is effective for themselves or helpful to others, and the condition of the other three-fourths, and most likely their own condition, would be distinctly improved if these misfit persons would go back to the farms.

No one can succeed in city or country unless he is able or willing to do some one thing well and to stick to it. Because the life of the country is simpler and more honest, it is easier for a man of moderate ability to fit into it. I call it more honest, because the farm life deals with nature at first hand, while the city life deals with the shifting relations of men.

"The farmer trades with Nature through no middleman. Nature is as honest as eternity and she never fails to meet the just dues of those who have claims upon her."

In the city, opportunities to gratify ambition are more numerous and greater than in the country. But opportunity comes only to the man who can make use of it. For a man who can do important things and can do them well, the city will always furnish something worthy to do. Hence the success of thousands of men who have gone to the cities with their worldly goods on their backs and no capital but their brains.

But the great majority of those who leave the farms are not of this type. They have not learned to do anything well, least of all anything the people of the cities want. Hence the failure of those who go to the cities without capital of any kind, or with capital of other kinds than brains.

The great obstacle in the way of the effective working man is not organized capital. It is inefficiency. It is the great crowd of those who can do nothing well and whose presence causes a general scramble whenever there is any work to be done. Capitalists could and would double the wages of labor if they were assured of intelligent, effective and loyal service. Brains and heart are the only servants that a man can afford to pay for. If you cannot furnish one or the other of these, there is no help for you. You cannot live by the work of your hands. Least of all can you do this in the city where competition is severe, and where three men are struggling for the chance to do the work of one.

There is no doubt that the congestion of the cities is in part the effect of unwise legislation. We have used every effort to be something more than a nation of farmers, and in this effort we have almost ruined our farms. But legislative action is not the main cause of the congestion of the cities. The other causes are bringing about the same result in all civilized nations. Even Rome has had a "real estate boom," an unfortunate condition which arises as the people crowd into the capital. It is not clear what the end will be or how the evil will find its remedy.

But this we may say to every farmer's son: You have your own life to make. In the country you are sure of your ground. You will get what you deserve. While your rewards may not be brilliant, your failure will not be ruinous. Do not go to the city unless you are sure that the city needs you. If you go there with nothing to give that the city cares for, you will find yourself cast aside. Brains the city wants and will pay for and devour. Loyalty of service will be recognized and valued in this world or any other. Handwork pure and simple, without skill or pride in it commands no price in the market. There is no chance about this. The results are sure as fate. If you do poor things poorly, you will always be poor. What you can do, a bucket of coal and a bucket of water, guided by a thimbleful of brains will do more effectively. When the time shall come that each workman can use his power to the best advantage, we shall have an end to the labor problem. The final answer to the labor problem is that each shall solve it for himself.

When you have solved the labor problem for yourself and are ready with the answer, then you can go to the city, and wherever you go you will find the success you deserve. If all men waited as you should wait before rushing to the cities, we should have no labor problem, no problem of municipal government and nothing to fear from the desertion of the farms or from the congestion of the towns. Learn to do something well. It will make a man of you, and wherever he goes a man will find that he is needed.—*David Starr Jordan, President of The Leland Stanford, Jr., University. Reprinted from The National Advocate.*

Pilgrims.

Slowly against the gradual slope,
Following the morning-light of Hope
With feeble paces slow,
Our childish footsteps go.
From flower to flower we stray
To cheer our upward way,
Till morning draws to noon
And our life's year to June.

And then, while springtime lights us still,
We press, with Youth's impatient feet,
High aims and visions sweet
Against the cloud-capped hill.
Higher we mount and higher
Beneath the tyrannous sun,
Which till the day is done
Burns with unsparing fire.

Ambition beckons from the height
And Pleasure from the pine's cool shade;
Of striving and delight
Our summer life is made.
A little, little while
The hurrying noontides smile,
Till on the summits far—
Lo! the white evening star!

Then our reluctant feet again
Slope down to the forsaken plain;
No more the heights, the skies,
Allure our weary eyes,
But dewy twilights deep,
The tranquil rays of home,
Where ere the nightfall come
Love giveth rest and sleep.

O sacred Love, still at my side
My feeble, faltering footsteps guide!
O blessed presence, still,
Crossing life's difficult hill,
Let thy protecting arm
Save me from hurt and harm!
Guide me, nor let me stray
Alone upon my way.

—*Lewis Morris, in The Cosmopolitan.*

The Darkness and the Light Are Both Alike.

Yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to Thee.—Ps. CXXXIX:12.

In love Thou hast so led me along in these stranger ways, that Thy hand that leads is home in the midst of pilgrimage. Thy face I cannot see, but it kindles upon me, and I feel it in my soul like a holy, sunny day. Thy voice I cannot hear—I seem alone and lost in the silence—yet Thy breath blows upon me as a summer wind, and I have a multitude of tender and true thoughts which must come from the yearnings of Thy heart toward me. I have high dreamings of Thee, up into which my soul yearns to soar, as larks through all the clouds into the white peace above them. In all this that in my soul is noble and joyous, surely the yearnings of our hearts are meeting together in some creative kiss, purifying, satisfying, realising something of the eternity of our love which may abide every change that befalls us.

I have been in the dark, the darkness so deep and heavy upon me, as the black and stormy midnights that confuse our happy earth; but there Thou wast with me, the very darkness the shadow of Thy love passioning for the beauty of my childhood to be perfected, that Thy Fatherhood's everlasting glory might be revealed in me. The very darkness is Thy love's creative ways, through which Thy life becomes my life, Thy being ensphered and growing into mine. "The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee," because in them both is the outgoing of Thy heart to become these countless graces of creation, these fervoring and ennobling children of men.

All these things alive and growing upon Thy earth experience darkness in order to experience light, must still experience darkness, if they would enter into the joy of experiencing greater light. The seed of everything living and laughing in the sunshine, by Thy love's necessity, went down into the darkness of the soil in order that its lily might go up into the light of the sun, and walk with its dear Lord in white. And we, in the innermost of our mothers, in love's Holy of Holies there, unlighted by any beams of this outermost sun in which we now live and rejoice, experienced darkness in order that we might experience light, the light of this world shining and shadowing away our days.

More than this. It is out of light, through darkness, to light again. For here in the summer's brightness was begotten that light in the seed that is able to climb out of the darkness, weaving the very shadows into the garment of its revelation. And in the full light of Thy love were we fashioned, in Thy deepest nature was our beginning, in Thy tender and bright-shining heart, else could we not have come forth weaving the darkness into these bodies and lives of our revealing. The light of love exchanging in our parents' eyes was the fervoring of Thine own great heart to satisfy itself with children.

Still are we in the darkness that we may be in the light. The tree that loves the sunlight into the autumn's ripened fruits roots still in the darkness of the soil. The iris dreaming purple out of the sunlight to yearn toward the far blue sky, roots still in the darkness of swamps, and must root, so that its purpled splendor may enchant the day. So, still does the darkness hold me, though in Thy light I see light. Still are my roots in the earth, although my aspirations and growing soul are in Thy shining and bright heavens. Yea, even life comes by experiencing death. The seed broke its heart and died that the tree might root, the blossoms become. So do we experience the death of many a joy, that fuller, holier life may root and blossom. And this death, through which our beloved ones disappear, must surely be to them an experiencing of darkness in order to the experiencing of light, and experiencing of death in order that their hearts may break forth into fuller and diviner life.

And so we are glad that "the darkness hideth not from Thee," any darkness which we must experience as we live our lives in this so happy, so pathetic earth. We are glad that "the night shineth as the day," the night that comes upon our lovings here, the dreadful, fearsome night of death. We are glad that "the darkness and the light are both alike to Thee," both compassed and filled with Thy perfect love, that will take no eternal denial to its beautiful yearnings after a perfect human childhood. We are glad that the light is greater than the darkness, the darkness but its servant, helping it to reveal some of its hidden glories. We bless Thee that life is greater than death, the death but just some servant unto the life's fuller and diviner revealing. We are glad that we are born out of and for Thy tender, quenchless light, that in Thy deathless light we are eternally Thy children, in every experience of ours Thy heart, intent upon glorifying us in Thine own beautiful everlastingness. So will we trust when the clouds and darkness are around about us, comforting our hearts in the assurance that in these, too, are hiding some touches of Thy making which could not else become a beauty in our souls.

When the sun's ashine
I smile to think
God's love divine
Keeps faith with me,
Keeps comfort fine
For every hour of pain I'd flee.

Of Him I think
When the sun's ashine;
I smile, I drink
From the cup's full brink
In joy divine,
His love's so rich, so gladdening wine.

But when it storms
From trust that warms
I sadly sink,
And moan and think
The sun is gone!
There is no dawn!
Such my despair
Each heart beat is a weary care.

When troubles fret
I so repine
And so forget
God's living yet!
His loving will
The storms fulfil
Who sent the shine,
The shine whose absence I regret.

When storms so blow
Their bitter brine
Of trouble's fret,
My heart should know
Thou lovest yet
With love divine,
And I am needing storms of Thine.

Within repine,
The heart that weeps,
That love divine
Still faithful keeps
My soul unto some comfort fine.

When troubles roll,
Their fierce storms blow,
My inmost soul
May know! May know!
That God is mine,
And my heart drink
From storm cup's brink
In peace divine
His love's so rich, so gladdening wine

So, blow Thy storms!
My heart still warms
Unto Thy love divine.
In every while
I think, I smile
How in the storm and in the shine
Thy true heart's mine!
My frail heart's Thine!
How comfort waits
At all life's gates,
As each unlocks
To love's dear hand that knocks and knocks!

PASTOR QUIET.

A Cowboy' Letter.

This world has become but a very small place, yet it is not every day that the fact is so forcefully demonstrated as it was to a certain doctor of whom a Western paper tells. This doctor had under his care in the hospital a cowboy from one of the ranges of Northern Montana, who, when he became convalescent one day, walked into the doctor's house to thank him for his services and say goodbye. As he was about to leave the office, the cowboy remarked:

"Doctor, I understand that you are soon to set off on a trip to the other side of the water, and that before you return you intend to visit Scotland. If such is the case, I should like to give you a letter to some friends of mine."

The doctor replied that he did intend to visit Scotland, and that he should be pleased to take charge of the letter.

Thereupon the cowboy sat down, wrote a brief letter, sealed it up, and addressed the envelope to—let us say—the "Duke of Craige" at a castle in Scotland. When he handed it to the doctor, that gentleman looked at the address rather dubiously, and then asked, in a voice that was possibly a little cold, "Is this gentleman an acquaintance of yours?"

"Well, yes," replied the ranch-rider. "I think it quite probable he will remember me. He is my father, and I shall be glad to have you call on him and tell him that I'm getting along all right."

The doctor took the letter, and when he left for the Old World had every intention of cultivating the acquaintance of the Scottish nobleman, as he had already cultivated the acquaintance of his son.—*Youths' Companion.*

On the occasion of every event that befalls you, remember to turn to yourself and inquire what power you have of turning it to use.—*Epictetus.*

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid!"

Tennyson's Pessimism.

As everybody knows, Tennyson was the son of an English clergyman, and no doubt was carefully reared in the faith of his father—a churchman of the churchmen. Up to the year 1860 our poet was an orthodox Christian. The profoundest and best argument for immortality outside of inspiration is found in "In Memoriam." But the seeds of his unfaith and consequent pessimism occasionally crop out even in this orthodox period of his life. In "The Vision of Sin," written in the thirties, we have a study in evil, which the critics have never yet been able to solve. If this poem was designed to illustrate the old truth, "the wages of sin is death," we could understand it. But the last five lines forbid such a solution. They read:

* * * Is there any hope?
To which an answer pealed from that high land,
But in a tongue no man could understand;
And on the glimmering limit far withdrawn
God made himself an awful rose of dawn.

This little poem contains lines as bitterly pessimistic as were ever written by human being. For example:

Friendship!—to be two in one—
Let the canting liar pack!
Well I know when I am gone
How she mouths behind my back.
* * * *
Virtue!—to be good and just;
Every heart, when sifted well,
Is a clot of warmer dust,
Mixed with cunning sparks of hell.

Oh! we two as well can look
Whited thought and cleanly life,
As the priest above his book
Leering at his neighbor's wife.

The world has never charged up these lines against the youthful poet, for it is plain that they are a brilliant effort to hold up to scorn a misanthrope. Their actual truth, when applied to humanity at large, is simply an impossibility.

"Maud," published in 1855 and written during the Crimean war in 1853-54, has always been regarded as unworthy of Tennyson. Here again we have disappointment and bitterness, personal and public, and a struggle between optimistic and pessimistic tendencies, with the outcome on the whole rather in favor of the former. "Upon the whole," for in "Maud" we find as caustic lines as were ever written about what the poet regarded as sham England, sham civilization and sham Christianity. Reading this poem we are reminded of Carlyle at his worst and crankiest. Still, notwithstanding, "Maud" and "The Vision of Sin"—mere clouds passing over a flood of glorious sunshine—we have in the Tennyson of this period some of the most glorious optimism ever put in stately and delicate English verse. Take the original "Locksley Hall," for example, a poem the reading of which is like the bugle call to glorious war or a draught of new wine. What splendid hopes! What a magnificent stimulus are these noble lines to a life-long battle of self-denial!

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.
* * * Forward! Forward! let us range;
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change. * * *
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

In the same grand spirit of optimism are "The Two Voices," and especially "In Memoriam," containing the poet's solution of the problem of life and death:

Life is not an idle ore,
But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears
And dipt in baths of hissing tears
And batter'd with the shocks of doom

To shape and use. Arise and fly
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;
Move upward! Working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die.

The profound enigma of death is thus answered:

And all is well, though faith and form
Be sundered in the night of fear;
Well roars the storm to those that hear
A deeper voice across the storm.

It is clear that the disturbing element in Tennyson's faith was the Christian doctrine of everlasting punishment. Our preachers in their discourses upon immortality naturally enough dwell upon the easy parts of the argument and ignore its difficulties. The real difficulty with Christ's teaching as to the future life is his declarations as to hell. Either he never uttered them; or never uttered them in the form in which they have come down to us, or uttered them in connection with other deeds which have not been reported, or in some way the key to his real teaching has been lost. It is improbable that what is injustice in man should ever be justice in God. It is improbable that human beings should be forced into this world—as we all are—with "defects of doubt and taints of blood;" with hereditary sins and limitations—and then endlessly punished for the sins of fourscore or less years, by an all pitying and tender God. As well strike up a partnership between fire and water as attempt to reconcile these two antagonistic ideas. Tennyson in his "In Memoriam" wisely sets aside this defect in "Revelation," and does not again allow it to enter into his study as to the future life. He says:

Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood.

That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroyed
Or cast as rubbish to the void
When God shall make the pile complete,

That not a worm is cloven in vain
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Unfortunately, as I shall show further on, this doctrine of endless hell, afterward returned to vex the life and faith of the great poet. Unfortunately he could not trust in the great motto: "Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?" Nor in his own doctrine:

We have but Faith—we cannot know,
For knowledge is of things we see,
But yet we trust Faith comes of Thee
A beam in darkness—let it grow.

In 1859 Charles Darwin published his "Descent of Man," and soon after the "Origin of Species." This last was followed by Herbert Spencer's "First Principles," with Tyndall, and Huxley's brilliant books, and a general revival of materialism and agnosticism all along the line. From this time the seeds of pessimism, aways latent in our poet's breast, began to develop, and his faith in Christian hopes and doctrines began apparently to decline, or, rather, to waver, for one day he was the one and the next day the other; so that in the end it is quite impossible to tell whether Tennyson was and is pessimistic or optimistic.

This wavering had its first outcome in the "Idylls of the King," the first four numbers of which were published in 1859. In some of their characters, Sir Lancelot, for example, or Sir Bors, or Sir Percevale, we have the old, sweet, stimulating optimism. But the majority of the characters in King Arthur's Court are of the other school. Queen Guinevere, he makes a bawd, and Sir Lancelot, the noblest knight of them all, her paramour. The women in the Idylls are unworthy of so great a poet. Enid, for example, and Elaine are nothing except sweet, lovable pieces of putty, and in the outcome the whole court of Arthur becomes shockingly corrupt. It may be replied, "But Tennyson here aimed to give a true picture of human nature and its tendencies." The answer is, that the Idylls, upon the whole, represent human nature at its worst, and not at its best, and the poet, with an imaginary kingdom and ideal knights and ladies, was bound to give the world the best instead of the worst. He might easily have taken Queen Victoria's court as his model.

From this time on Tennyson was as often upon one side as the other. One day he published poems in which "faith in the mighty hopes which make men" was dominant, and the next "doubt devilborn." To bring out this fact clearly, let us compare Tennyson of 1860-83 with his friend Robert Browning. The latter was a healthy soul, with whom, from beginning to end, unfaith had no place whatever. Browning is at all times and upon all occasions optimistic. He uniformly and universally preaches "God's in His heaven, all's well with His world." Passing his more obscure poems, which have to be opened with a club (is a man a poet who requires fashionable clubs to make head or tail of his writings?) and conforming ourselves to those poems which are fed to Browning babies, take his most celebrated and most quoted "Rabbi Ben Ezra." In this noble piece the old rabbi finds nothing to regret in life or its ills. He turns them into God's discipline. The white-headed old man, notwithstanding his aches and pains, and disappointments and sorrows, exclaims:

Grow old along with me;
The best is yet to be;
The last, for which the first was made.

* * * *

Then welcome each rebuff.
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids, nor sit nor stand, but go;
Be our joys three parts pain!
Strive and hold cheap the strain.
Learn; nor account the pang: dare; never grudge the throw.

Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail?
What I aspired to be
And was not, comforts me.
A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the scale.

* * * *

Let us not always say,
Spite of this flesh to-day,
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole.

As the bird wings and sings
Let us cry, "All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more now than flesh helps soul."

* * * *

Youth ended, I shall try
My gain or loss thereby;
Leave the fire ashes; what survives is gold;
And I shall weigh the same,
Give life its praise or blame.
Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old.

* * * *

Here work enough to watch
The Master work and catch
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tools true play.
As it were better youth
Should strive through acts uncouth
Towards making, than repose on aught found made.
So better age exempt
From strife, should know than tempt
Farther. Then waitest age; wait death, nor be afraid.

* * * *

My times are in Thy hand,
Perfect the cup as planned;
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same.

If one desires to see how a healthy life, even without being a goody-goody, can triumph over death, let him read and ponder the "Grammarian's Funeral" and "Prospice."

But our subject is Tennyson, not Browning. It is sad to turn from these splendid and intoxicating words to the bitter thoughts of Tennyson uttered during these same years. Through his smaller poems, written after 1865, are to be found lines indicating our poet's doubt if anything is to be really believed, and whether, after all, this is not an orphaned world, and God a dream and a myth. To illustrate: Opening at random upon page 628, Houghton & Co.'s edition, I came across the poem addressed to W. H. Brookfield, and find these lines:

I cannot laud this life, it looks so dark:
Skias onar—dream of a shadow, go—
God bless you. I shall join you in a day.

Again, take 1865-6.

Oh! years that meet in tears
Have ye aught that is worth the knowing?
Science enough and exploring,
Wanderers coming and going,
Matter enough for deploring,
But aught that is worth the knowing?

Again, turn to "Vastness." It is too long for quotation. I only give a verse or two:

Spring and summer, and autumn and winter, and all these
old revolutions of earth;
All new-old revolutions of empire—change of the tide—
what is all of it worth?
What the philosophies, all the sciences, poesy, varying
voices of prayer?
All that is noblest, all that is basest, all this is filthy with
all that is fair?
What but a murmur of gnats in the gloom, or a moment's
anger of bees in their hive?

Oh! that Tennyson had never written "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After." Why did he make the huge, unpardonable mistake in his old age of undoing with the cheerless pessimism of this last poem the glorious optimism of the original "Locksley Hall," that splendid fountain of youthful inspiration and manly hopes! Reading this desolate screed, one feels like crying out with old King David, "Oh! Absalom, my son! Absalom, would I had died for thee!" And yet this wretched "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After" has a few redeeming lines, for example:

Follow light and follow right, for man can half control his
doom;
Follow! Till you find the deathless angel seated in the
vacant tomb,

The worst of all Tennyson's poems is "Despair." It is impossible to read without a shudder such lines steeped in the gall of bitterness as these:

And we broke away from the Christ, our human brother
and friend,
For He spoke, or it seemed that He spoke, of a hell without
help, without end.
* * * This earth is a fatherless hell.
* * * In endless time
Does it matter so much whether crowned for a virtue or
hang'd for a crime?

* * * *

What! I should call on that infinite love that has served us
so well?
Infinite cruelty rather, that made everlasting hell;
Made us, foreknew us, foredoom'd us, and does what He
will with His own;
Better our dead brute mother, who never has heard us
groan!

* * * *

But the God of love and hell together—they cannot be
thought,
If there be such a God, may the great God curse Him and
bring Him to naught!

These fearful lines remind us of Shakespeare in "Lear" and "Othello," when he pictures human souls in the act of dissolution through the machinations of the powers of evil. It is evident that in this poem Tennyson repudiates those passages apparently uttered by our Savior, where He teaches the doctrine which was almost universally believed by our churches fifty years ago, but is now as universally, although silently, repudiated—of an endless hell. But there is, thank Heaven! a silver lining to this black cloud. About the time Tennyson gave to the world "Despair" he published the "Children's Hospital"—as sweet a poem of Christian faith and trust as was ever written, the concluding thoughts of which read like the opening lines of the gospel of St. John:

Say that his day is done! Ah! why should we care what
they say?
The Christ of the children had heard her, and Emma had
passed away.

Fortunately for the great poet's reputation, his last recorded poem is as full of the sweetness and light of the gospel faith of his boyhood as that of St. Paul or the Master himself. I gladly print it in full. It shows that Tennyson died in the faith of his fathers—full-rounded, joyful and complete. In this he was the exact opposite of the great English woman, the greatest that England has produced, George Eliot, who died passionately denying any personal immortality, and who was quite content with the agnostic concept of the immortality of the race and type:

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

DANIEL P. BALDWIN,
Logansport, Ind.

Saturday Evening Talks.

AT ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO.
REPORTED BY E. H. W.

There is an instinct in the human heart
Which makes that all the fables it hath coined
Point surely to the hidden springs of truth.
Lowell.

XX—A Surprise Leads to a Review.

These reports being two weeks old when they reach the readers of THE NEW UNITY, the twentieth meeting was the last one led by Mr. Jones before his departure for Europe. As his Mediterranean tour was a special dispensation of Providence, which had fallen like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, and had struck only the day before, this Saturday evening was the first opportunity for a public announcement of the impending seven weeks' absence, and it produced at first something like consternation. This, however, was soon forgotten in the general satisfaction over the thought of the rest and recreation our pastor would soon be finding in the genial air of Italy. He is on the water now, and his arm is not so long but that one is at complete liberty to say, even in THE NEW UNITY, that he deserves it all, and a great deal of the same kind, which he will probably never get; and this under the circumstances, is saying very little.

"Next," Mr. Jones said, "we must plan for the Sunday school work. You must keep this teachers' meeting going just as if I were here, and I shall think of you every Saturday night as struggling with great problems." It was agreed that the Bible study in which we have recently been engaged, must, for the present, be discontinued, and the evening was occupied in laying out a course of lessons for the weeks during which we must study without a leader. It was suggested that we enter at once upon the study of "Home Duties," a set of lessons already beautifully elaborated by Mr. Gannett, and leaving therefore, the minimum of toil for the class. It was at length decided to leave the "Home" lessons for the close of the year, according to the original plan, and spend the coming seven weeks in reviewing the course in "Beginnings," introducing such additional matter as could be obtained, and throwing on new side-lights whenever possible. The Saturday evening talks will be continued by members of the class, and specialists from the neighboring schools and from the university will be invited to assist in the Sunday school services when practicable. Several sets of examination questions on the course in "Beginnings" had been prepared by members of the class at the leader's request. Suggested by these questions the following topics, joint product of leader and class, were placed upon the blackboard for a seven-Sunday review: 1. Earth-building. 2. Home-building. 3. Word-building. 4. Tool-making. 5. State-making. 6. Religions. 7. Religion. Each of these topics was assigned to a different member of the class for the Saturday evening study, each promising to try to carry his one-seventh of a small piece of a big burden, which all rejoiced to see rolling off a pair of tired but resolute shoulders.

A farmer traveling in a foreign land, becoming anxious about the condition of his live stock, telegraphed home:

"Is things all right at the barn?
JOHN BREEN."

His stable-boy, whose conversation was proverbially laconic, immediately telegraphed back:

"JOHN BREEN. Things is. ROBERT."

Juist tae sit aside a freend, although nane o's say mickle, is a rest.—Ian Maclaren.

Long may it remain in this mixed world a question not easy of decision which is the more beautiful evidence of the Almighty's goodness, the soft white hand formed for the ministrations of sympathy and tenderness, or the rough, hard hand which the heart softens, teaches, and guides in a moment.—*Dickens.*

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The most completely lost of all days is the one on which we have not smiled.
MON.—Conviction is the conscience of the mind.
TUES.—He who has no character is no longer a man.
WED.—There is no sweeter repose than that which is bought by labor.
THURS.—Enjoy and give enjoyment, without injury to thyself or others; this is true morality.
FRI.—Pleasure may come of illusion, but happiness can only come of reality.
SAT.—The wealthiest man is he who is most economical; the poorest is he who is most miserly.

—*Chamfort.*

A Sunday School of To-day.

Was there ever a thing less understood than a Liberal Sunday school? Half a century ago there would have been no doubt as to its proceeding. We should have recited the ten commandments, the beatitudes, the twenty-third psalm, the Apostle's creed, and several memorized chapters of the "Book of Acts." But the Americans as a people have changed much during the last six decades, and religion, the outer vestment of their inner thought, has undergone no less a metamorphosis. Year by year we have memorized fewer chapters from the Bible. Little by little we have come to look less to words and more to deeds, until at last we have the modern Liberal Sunday school class, a place where, casting aside all social distinctions, earnest young people meet to draw ethical knowledge from the great intellects of the past. We need no creed. It matters not whether another thinks with us our thought of God. If there is something in the universe that commands his reverence, something which obliges him to feel that he is here for some end, something which leads him to consecrate himself and all he has and is, to the service of mankind, we know he has taken hold of the very essential thing that is at the heart of all religions. We are confined by no dogmas. Anything which elevates us into higher realms of thought, anything which raises us one round higher upon the ladder of true living, is legitimate Sunday school work, and nothing which is not ennobling should find a place in its curriculum. No breath of scandal or bit of idle gossip should ever profane the sacred walls of a class-room. It is heart throbs that should be coined into sentences. To so live that one's whole presence breathes wisdom and nobility of mind, is to have lived well. If one comes to us, whose mind has been seared and blackened by temptation which he had not the power to overcome, and he turns to us, that in our companionship he may find patience to endure and strength to recover, we are doing a serious thing to deny his pleadings. He has a right to expect sympathy and help from us, and we are a failure if we do not give it. To help him is a divine privilege. We are never lifted up to God except as we are drawn down to man. The only use to which we can ever put our religion is to better our relations with one another. Our love for God and our love for man are one and the same thing, where there is genuine love of either, and no matter what our boasted liberality, our basis of fellowship is never sufficiently broad so long as it leaves out anyone. After all, the hopes and hearts of all men are alike. They never differ in kind, however much they may differ in degree; for every man's life, whether he is conscious of it or not, vibrates full and strong to the keynote of good living. Two precepts should be emblazoned upon the banner of every Liberal Sunday school, "The essential bond of human action is sympathy," and "all that our friends ever see of Christ is what they see of you and me."

LOUISE M. THOMPSON,
A scholar in the Sunday school of the People's Church, Aurora.

Purpose.

A sunbeam sent out on a mission
Came down to the earth in its flight,
It thought not to question the order,
But sped on the wings of the light.

It found in the crest of a snowdrift
A white flake and quick to it flew,
And then not a moment it lingered
Nor wondered what others might do.

But down on the snowflake's soft bosom
Its glow and its warmth did it lay
And kissed the white wings of the beauty
Until they were melted away.

When, lo! in the place of the snowflake
A drop of pure water hung there
And just for a moment reflected
The face of the sunbeam so fair.

Then dropped to the rill as it rippled
And joined with the thousands in streams
Which flowed that day from the snowdrift—
The work of the countless sunbeams.

At length the great snowdrift was melted,
Its race to the sea had begun,
And up in its place sprang sweet flowers—
Behold what the sunbeams had done!

—*Percy S. Bristow.*

The Study Table.

Sir Thomas Browne's Religio Medici and Urn Burial. London: M. Dent & Co. New York, Macmillan Co. Cloth, 16 mo. 50cts.

One could not ask a more exquisite edition than this of one of the most delightful of old books. Here is a kind of intellectual travel. We are taken by such a book into a world of thought so very different from our own. Better than to read many books about the thinking of the seventeenth century is it to read this one book at first hand. Published in 1642, it gives us excellently well the standpoint of the complacent churchman going easily enough with Archbishop Laud, and floating the Puritans. The rationalist side of Laud is very interesting (see Fitz James Stephen's "Horæ Sabbaticæ") and Sir Thomas Browne had such a side, though on the other he could not find "impossibilities enough in religion for an active faith." He is so fond of ventilating his mild heresies that one wonders if they did not report the essential man much better than his complacent orthodoxy. His "Enquiry Into Vulgar Errors" in 1646, lends itself graciously enough to this idea. We are assured that Dryden was the first writer of good English prose, but there were writers before Dryden who had qualities which fascinate much more than Dryden's orderly arrangement of his thought; for example, Jeremy Taylor's "impassioned and convoluted outbreak of beautiful words." Sir Thomas Browne's outbreaks are never "impassioned," but they are much "convoluted," and they have turns and cadences of wonderful felicity and charm. This lovely book is one of a series, "Temple Classics," in which appears Southey's "Life of Nelson" and Lamb's "Essays of Elia," and other admirable things. Southey's "Nelson" is argued to be the best fruit of his literary activity, a biographical model. It is, however, a pity that the editor did not see fit to indicate at what important points it has been corrected by subsequent studies.

J. W. C.

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The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion."

CHICAGO.—A largely attended reception was held at All Souls Church Wednesday evening, Feb. 24. The reception was originally planned as a welcome home to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. M. Salter, Mr. Salter having recently returned from Philadelphia to again become the leader of the Chicago Ethical Society; but the occasion widened into a cordial greeting of Rev. F. B. Vrooman, the new coadjutor of Dr. Thomas of the People's Church, and his wife, and resulted in a happy opportunity to say "Godspeed" to the pastor of All Souls, Mr. Jones leaving Chicago, Thursday, en route, for a six weeks' trip to the Eternal City—Rome. Light refreshments were served and the pleasant evening was closed with a number of short speeches of welcome to the guests of honor and of congratulation and farewell to Mr. Jones, Mr. Salter, Mr. Vrooman, Mr. White, of the Stewart Avenue Universalist Church, Rabbi Stolz, of Isaiah Temple, Gen. Black and Mr. Jones being the speakers. * * * Prof. Oscar L. Triggs occupied the pulpit the first Sunday of Mr. Jones' absence. He spoke of "Democratic Art" and conducted the services throughout. Expressions of delight and appreciation were heard on all sides from those who listened to this thoughtful and thought-provoking address.

TACOMA.—The progress of liberality in religion in Tacoma has become of much note, but a step to be taken in the near future by the most modern institution here will doubtless create a wave of discussion among Christian circles. The services of the First Free Church, or Church of Universal Religion, as it has been named by the pastor, on and after March 7, will hold its services at the Tacoma Theater, and the congregation, with a few exceptions, is said to be heartily in favor of the plan. The step has been decided upon, in view of the great success that has attended the Sunday evening lectures that have been held at the theater the last three weeks by Rev. A. W. Martin, the pastor of the First Free Church. Audiences of 400 or 500, nearly half the capacity of the play house, have gathered at each lecture. For the first few of the services collections will be taken to go toward defraying the expenses; but after a thorough organization has been made "sittings" will be sold on a plan similar to those followed by Dr. Thomas at McVicker's Theater, Chicago, and Dr. N. D. Hillis, at the Central Music Hall, in the same city.

OMAHA.—Rev. Newton M. Mann on Sunday, February 14, repeated his sermon on "Seventeen Reasons Why I Am a Unitarian," by special request. Unity Church was thronged to the doors and did not even afford standing room for all who wished to attend. He chose for his text the verse from Peter: "Be always ready to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you."

JEWISH.—It is interesting to note that the two oldest conservative congregations in the country have elected as their ministers graduates of the Reform Theological Seminary of Cincinnati. Rabbi Moses P. Jacobson takes charge of the K. A. M. (Men of the West) Congregation of Chicago, and Dr. Rudolph Grossmann of the Rodoph Sholom (Seekers of Peace) Congregation of New York City.—It is also of interest to observe how the vines of tolerance and charity are slowly but surely covering the old sectarian walls and barriers. Last week Rabbi Leo Franklin of Omaha spoke before the Unity Club of that city on "The Jew in Modern Life;" Rabbi Charles Fleischer of Boston, a member of the Board of Education, spoke before the Bethany Universalist Church of South Farmingham on "The Jew;" and Rabbi Frederich Cohn of Fort Wayne, Ind., spoke before the Berry Street M. E. Church on "Something about the Jews."—Mr. Alfred Greenebaum of San Francisco donated to the University of California 1,000 volumes of Semitica, the library of his deceased father, who for more than half a century had been the chief Rabbi of Landau, Germany. The ladies of Temple Emanuel, San Francisco, sent with it a check of $587.50 to increase its usefulness. Abraham Slimmer, a Jew residing at Waverly, Iowa, donated $50,000 to the Finley Hospital of Dubuque, Iowa. —Baroness de Hirsch gave 2,000,000 francs to the Pasteur Institute of Paris for the equipment of a laboratory of biological chemistry.—On the other hand, a Parsee lady, Bai Motlabaigmen gave 500 rupees toward the building fund of the school of the Anglo-Jewish association at Bombay, India.—In honor of his seventieth birthday, Mr. Emanuel Lehman of New York gave the Hebrew Orphan Asylum of New York city the sum of $100,000, the income to be used in defraying the expenses of the graduates of the asylum while they are serving apprenticeships to trades or are learning professions.

GENESEO, ILL.—The Millers had already written themselves permanently into the heart and life of the Unitarian Church at Geneseo; nay, more than that, into the thought and culture of that town and county. Now it is one thing more—a good parsonage deeded to the society by the first pastor and his wife. They will never be ex-pastor and wife in that parish. Happy town! Happy parson! Beautiful ministry. Congratulations.

Sunday School Notes.

The newly hatched Chicago Union of Liberal Sunday Schools will hold its second meeting on Tuesday evening, March 9, at the Church of the Redeemer (Warren Avenue and Robey Street). At this meeting steps will be taken to complete the formal organization of the union and to elect officers for the first year. The committee on permanent organization has drawn up a brief series of rather homespun "Stand-by Rules," which are thought ample in place of any long and formidable constitution. The evening's discussion will hinge on the question of what sort of an annual change is best in our schools. Miss Juniata Stafford will take the ground that the various classes should be promoted from teacher to teacher as in the public schools, thus leaving each teacher to become proficient in handling scholars of a certain age. The other side of the question will be shown by Mr. C. C. Fowler, who will draw some lessons from his experience in being settled over one and the same set of pupils for a number of years.

The social gathering to precede the meeting is announced for 5:30, and the light supper for 6:30, so that the session proper can begin at about 7 o'clock.

ALBERT S.

Old and New.

Isaac Wilbur of Little Compton, R. I., is credited with having the largest poultry farm in the world. According to *Farm Poultry*, he ships from 130,000 to 150,000

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dozen of eggs a year. He keeps his fowls on the colony plan, housing about forty head in a house 8x10 or 8x12 feet in size, these houses being about one hundred and fifty feet apart, set out in long rows over the gently sloping fields. He has one hundred of these houses, scattered over three or four fields. The food is loaded into a low wagon, which is driven out to each house in turn, the attendant feeding as he goes; at the afternoon feeding the eggs are collected. The fowls are fed twice a day. The morning feed is a mash of cooked vegetables and mixed meals; this "mash" is made up the afternoon of the day before; the afternoon feed is whole corn the year round. The houses are of the simplest and cheapest; could be built for twenty dollars apiece, probably.

After Sunset.

One tremulous star above the deepening west;
The splash of waves upon a quiet beach;
A sleepy twitter from some hidden nest
Amidst the clustered ivy, out of reach.

The sheep-bell's tinkle from the daisied leas;
The rhythmic fall of homeward-wending feet;
A wind that croons amongst the leafy trees.
And dies away in whispers faint and sweet.

A pale young moon, whose slender silver bow
Creeps slowly up beyond the purple hill;
And seems to absorb the golden afterglow
Within the far horizon lingering still.

An open lattice and the scent of musk;
Then, through the slumb'rous hush of earth and sky,
A tender mother-voice that in the dusk
Sings to the babe some old-world lullaby.

—*E. Matheson.*

Young Men Quit Tobacco

If you wish to preserve your manhood. Education at large expense to develop mental brilliancy is torn down by Tobacco use and nervousness results SURE-QUIT, an antidote chewing gum rights the wrong. 25c. a box, nearly all druggists. Booklet and sample free. Eureka Chemical Co. Detroit, Mich.

The Heart's Answer.

[Adapted from the German of Friedrich Halm].

Heart, tell me, when I ask thee,
What is this love, I pray?
"Two souls to one thought subject,
Two hearts one law obey."

And say whence comes this love, then?
"It comes, we know not how."
But say, how goes that same love?
"No love if false the vow."

What love is purest, sweetest?
"No thought of self it knows."
And when is love the deepest?
"The stream that silent flows."

And when is love the richest?
"'Tis richest when it gives."
Oh, tell me sweet love's language.
"In deeds, not words, it lives."

—*Boston Transcript.*

In a northern university, looking westward over Cayuga Lake, stands a granite bench, on which Goldwin Smith has engraved the words, "Above all nations is Humanity." Here, facing southward on the portal of one of these halls, I would inscribe, "Beneath all race distinctions is the Brotherhood of man; above all men is the Fatherhood of God."—*From address of President D. C. Gilman, at opening of the Trade School at Hampton Institute, Va.*

"The English spring begins much earlier than ours in New England and New York, yet an exceptionally early April with us must be nearly, if not quite, abreast with April as it usually appears in England. The blackthorn sometimes blooms in Britain in February, but the swallow does not appear till about the 20th of April, nor the anemone bloom ordinarily till that date. The nightingale comes about the same time, and the cuckoo follows close. Our cuckoo does not come till near June."—*Burroughs.*

For Dyspepsia Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. J. C. WINANS, Madison, O., says: "Found it admirable in atony of the stomach and dyspepsia."

"A commonplace life," we say, and we sigh;
But why should we sigh as we say?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
Makes up the commonplace day.
The moon and the stars are commonplace things,
And the flower that blooms and the bird that sings,
But dark were the world and sad our lot,
If the flowers should fail and the sun shine not—
And God, who studies each separate soul,
Out of commonplace lives makes his beautiful whole.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

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Announcements.

The Fraternity of Liberal Religious Societies in Chicago.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Minister.

CENTRAL CHURCH (Independent) Central Music Hall. N. D. Hillis, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan avenue and 23rd street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.

At MASONIC HALL, 276 Fifty-seventh Street. Rev. W. W. Fenn preaches each Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner of Warren avenue and Robey street. T. B. Gregory, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE SOUL (Spiritualist), Schiller Theatre, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Steinway Hall, W. M. Salter, Lecturer.

FRIENDS' SOCIETY, second floor of the Athenæum Building, 18 Van Buren street. Jonathan W. Plumber, Minister.

INDEPENDENT LIBERAL CHURCH, Martine's Academy, 333 Hampden Court, Lake View. Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley, Minister.

ISAIAH TEMPLE (Jewish) Oakland Club Hall, Ellis Avenue and 39th Street, Joseph Stolz, Minister.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 33rd street.

OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist). R. F. Johonnot, Minister.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theatre, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas and Frank B. Vrooman, Ministers.

RYDER MEMORIAL CHURCH (Universalist), Sheridan avenue and 64th street. Sunday services 11 A. M. and 8 P. M.; Sunday School, 9:30 A. M.; Young People's Christian Union, 7 P. M. Devotional Meeting, Wednesdays at 8 P. M. Rev. Frederick W. Miller, Minister; residence, The Colonial, 6325 Oglesby avenue.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie avenue and 28th street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

SINAI CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 21st street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

STEWART AVENUE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

TEMPLE ISRAEL, Oakland Music Hall, I. S. Moses, Minister.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and Laflin streets. J. Vila Blake, Minister.

UNITY CHURCH (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, Minister.

ZION CONGREGATION (Jewish), corner Washington boulevard and Union park

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